

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall vnfold.

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.

*Ghost.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy fathers spirit,  
Doomd for a certaine tearmie to walke the night,  
And for the day coufined to fast in fires,  
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house,  
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word  
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particuler haire to stand an end,  
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,  
But this eternall blazon must not be  
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, ô list:  
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

*Ham.* O God.

*Ghost.* Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

*Ham.* Murther.

*Ghost.* Murther most foule, as in the best it is,  
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Hast me to know'r, that I with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue  
May sweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt,  
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede  
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,  
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,  
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,  
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke  
Is by a forged processe of my death  
Ranckely abused: but knowe thou noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my propheticke soule! my Vncle?

*Ghost.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ghost.* I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,  
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power  
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust  
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;  
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there  
From me whose loue was of that dignitie  
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe  
I made to her in marriage, and to decline  
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,  
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,  
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen  
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,  
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed  
And pray on garbage.  
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,  
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,  
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,  
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole  
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,  
And in the porches of my eares did poure  
The leापrous distilment, whose effect  
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,  
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through  
The naturall gates and allies of the body,  
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse  
And curde like eager droppings into milke,  
The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,  
And a most instant tetter barckt about  
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust  
All my smooth body.  
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,  
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,  
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,  
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,  
No reckning made, but sent to my account  
Withall my imperfections on my head,  
O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.  
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

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